

George Fitch Tells What a College Boy Goes Through

Continued from Fourth Page.

stepper from Kansas City, to go with me to the dance and she had consented. Four days before it came off she wrote and begged to be excused.

She hardly knew, she said, how to explain except that she had had a previous engagement and that she had found it wasn't, and she knew I would understand, and wouldn't I be nice about taking a lot of dances, and she wanted me to be nice to her escort, who was a stranger in the class—in fact, it was Count Grabbenheim.

When I came to later I was gnawing contentedly at fragments of the furniture. Never had I been so mad. I had eaten quite a meal of raw chair legs before I was calm enough to rush off to Pierce for comfort.

But Pierce was madder than I. Furniture didn't satisfy his feelings. He was chewing the radiator. My affair with Miss Willoughby was just a mild little thing of a month's standing and I really had her successor in mind, but old Noddy had been clean and everlastingly gone to smash on Helena Toothby, the queen of our class, and Helena had just turned him down and broken her engagement because an old friend who had no acquaintance in the college had thrown himself on her mercy and she felt it her duty to go with him to the dance.

Noddy and I leaned on each other for a while and fought for language—but not for long. Keg Rebrick kicked the door in presently. Keg was past all such mild diversions as dining on anything. He was about to dissolve into high explosives.

Amy Landeville had been tossing him up playfully and catching him as he came down for some months and had consented to go to the ball with him as a great favor. Keg was entirely devastated about her—terrible case—and she had just written breaking her engagement for the party in great indignation because she had passed him that day and he had been too busy looking the other way to notice her.

We three threw water on each other and put two and two together—thank heaven, this was no calculus problem. And then we went to telegraph Noddy, promising him instant death at the earliest possible moment. But on the way we met Walls and Etherton, and when we saw their wild look we seized their hands and asked: "Brothers, did you get it too?" And they said they had.

So we made up a Roman mob and charged the telegraph office, where we composed a message which had to be revised four times before the operator would take it. We didn't do the subject justice then, but our money gave out. So we sent it on to that skulking coward in Chicago who had taken our own child and had ruined us with him and went home to dine on more furniture.

I got a reply in the morning. It was short but fairly explicit. It read: "I see you're crazy, but explain further. Never wrote said girls. Some one else is using your Grabbenheim."

That day we five and Andrews and Pudge Bigelow, who had also received the dull destructive drop from their best young lady friends, met in the library, it being the most secret place we could find, and composed a grisly and horrible oath by which we swore to have revenge on Grabbenheim and other persons as yet unknown to the jury. Self-preservation if nothing else demanded it. Heaven knows what the miscreant who had stolen our hero would do with him. He might produce him, and then where would we be?

Imagine us, the parents of great Mr. Grabbenheim, gnawing our thumbs in the corner while some rank outsider trotted him about the ballroom floor with a retinue of seven of our best girls following him and gobbling up the results of a year's hard work. No, siree, Grabbenheim had betrayed us. What we proposed to do to Grabbenheim would curdle the coldest blood. Only—what was it?

We sat around the library until Miss Hawkes, the librarian, became suspicious, never having seen us there before. But it wasn't until late afternoon that we found the plan. Then it all dawned at once like a beautiful sunrise. It was an inspiration—the idea of a lifetime.

Grabby would wreck the chemical laboratory. In so doing he would fill a long felt want. We had been yearning to do it ever since we had had freshman chemistry. But we hadn't dared. It had been a popular diversion in years past, but had been overdone, and that year the faculty had served notice that any person found spilling sulphuric acid around the building and mixing up compounds that smelled to your high heaven would not only be expelled but indicted by the Grand Jury for malicious mischief.

So we had suffered all year. Heavens, how we had suffered in that class! Prof. Grubb was a fiend incarnate for piling up work and trouble and conditions. And now we would get even. Grabby would pile up the chemistry room for us.

We plotted fiercely all that night. The dance was only three days away and time was short. The next day Pierce and I disappeared from our accustomed haunts in the afternoon. We had with us tools and a lunch.

The old main building stands open until 6, and it wasn't hard for us to ramble casually up to the third floor without meeting any one and insert ourselves into Prof. Wogg's room. The old main building has little octagonal towers all over it, and these towers open into some of the classrooms. They are too small to be used for anything by the college, but we students found them very convenient indeed. In the big black election in my senior year we locked four repeaters in the tower closets, and by the time we remembered to let them out there was some question as to whether they needed fresh air or a coroner's most.

Pierce and I bade good-by to the outside world and wedged ourselves into one of the tower rooms. It was just large enough for a vest for a fat man and the air in it had spoiled years ago. It seemed seven hours until the janitor came to sweep out and a week and a half until the light from the little window faded and we knew that night had come. We were wet with sweat and the dust had caked all over us, but we hadn't flinched. Red Indians could take fancy lessons in revenge from us.

It was no trick at all to get out of Prof. Wogg's room and into the chemical laboratory. The locks were up to date but the doors weren't. They cut like cheese. And down on the campus when we finally stood before our prey, and

THE GREATEST MOMENTS IN A GIRL'S LIFE

By Harrison Fisher



Their New Love

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AFTER her whispered secret of that first evening in their new home,

following the return from the honeymoon trip, the aspect of their whole lives seemed to change and there came an added sweetness and calm in the little home which made it even more beautiful to their eyes. And to his eyes he was sure that never had there come a more beautiful picture than that of his wife seated under the evening lamp, her delicate hands busily fashioning strangely diminutive garments of the finest and softest materials.

There were no more stops at the club for him for a before-dinner cocktail

with "the boys," as in his bachelor days. And each evening, as it neared time for his homecoming, she would watch the hands of the clock crawl slowly around, and as she waited to hear his latch key slipping into the door, sweet thoughts of his wonderful devotion would flood in upon her, dimming her eyes with happy tears and crowning her lips with the dreamiest of smiles.

The sound of his step as he came to her through the hall thrilled her. And the light that came into his eyes and the smile that leaped out to him and the color that mounted to her cheeks

as he entered were all wondrously augmented by this great love which had lately taken so wonderful a turn. And as he kissed her and tenderly slipped his arm about her she would sink back with a little sigh of peace. And always he bore her presents, little hints of his constant and deep thoughtfulness for and devotion to her that touched and pleased her.

So the weeks sped their way. And then, at last, came a day when a faint cry from her room thrilled and moved something in him as nothing had ever done before. And oh, the joy of that first moment when, from the sea of

snowy whiteness that engulfed her she looked up into his eyes—a mother—and with his heart bursting with tenderness for her he bent over her—a father—and breathed a kiss upon her brow. And then, as she ever so gently lifted the coverlid and revealed to him his son—their new love—at her side—ah, who could adequately describe the bigness of that moment for them both, and its overflowing joy?

And the weeks of watching over this new love that followed were as weeks passed together in paradise. And after the little fellow had been safely and snugly tucked in his little crib at night

by the mother hand, with him looking tenderly down at these two precious possessions of his, they would sit long hours by the open fire gazing into the changing lights of the burning logs.

"Our happiness is complete, now, dear," she would keep repeating out of the fulness of her heart: "I ask for nothing more."

And so we leave them.

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Next week Mr. Fisher will begin the first of a new series of pictures showing "An American Girl Abroad." In these pictures Mr. Fisher, and the famous Fisher girl, are at their best.

Where to Look for Gamy Bass in Neighboring States

THE black bass season opens in the East this month. June 15 is the opening day in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Vermont; on June 16 in New York, June 21 in Massachusetts and July 1 in Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Hampshire.

New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania have hundreds of streams which are stocked regularly from year to year with this fish which Dr. Henshall said many years ago was "lucky for each pond for pound the gamest fish the swims." Some record catches of bass of both the small and the large mouth varieties are: Boonton reservoir, New Jersey, 6 pounds 9 ounces, small mouth black bass, taken by Ely Vanderhoff; Lake George, N. Y., four pound small mouth black bass, taken by Mrs. C. H. Vail; Dickson's pond, Boonton, N. J., large mouth black bass, 5 pounds 9 ounces, landed by George W. Cook; Lake Hopatcong, N. J., large mouth black bass, 5 pounds 8 ounces, taken by John W. Jess; small mouth black bass, 35 pounds, hooked by Charles Martin (this was the prize fish of the 1913 season in an angling contest); 9 pounds 2 ounces, taken by John G. Becker, also the largest fish of its species caught last year in the East.

The baits for the black bass are many. One effective above all others is the live frog. Another good bait is the live minnow. In hooking the frog and the minnow you insert the hook through the lips but not the head. By this method you keep the bait alive and fresh, which is an important feature in trolling for the black bass.

In trolling for the black bass use either the frog or the minnow you keep very close to the shore and fifteen yards of line played out is about the required length usually. The boat is rowed, according to those who have met with best results in this way of fishing, at a pace as fast as the frog swims. The moment the bass strike you head out for deep water because one of the most successful tricks of the black bass is to carry the line into the lily pads or around some sunken log.

In pure spring water lakes the best bait for the bass is the frog, and another method of taking the fish with this bait is by casting from a motor boat, just as you would cast with a fly. In casting for bass in this way you should not be at any time in more than ten feet of water, and of course you always cast inshore except where there are small spots or ridges far out in the lake.

One thing the rising generation seeking for bass should recollect is that these fish congregate near reeds, lily pads or flat stones. In lakes in which the water is not clear the troll will be taken by bass, but many prefer still fishing with grasshoppers, crickets or live small bait.

The June bait for black bass is the helgramite. In this month the redeye black bass will rise to any fly which simulates the flies then common above the water. As a general rule flies should be small rather than large, and the best time for fly fishing is toward early morning or toward dusk.

At that time the black bass are feeding near the shore or shallows on the June bugs or May flies which are sluggishly trying to make their way in the world. On bright days, with clear or low water, flies should be small and of subdued dark or neutral tints. For cloudy days and high, turbid or rough waters large and brighter flies should be used. When the day is dark or between the hours of sunset and dawn or if one angles on a moonlight night gray or white flies are preferable.

Some killing flies in June include the Bucktail, Ferguson, Red Tibs, Henshall, Seth Green, Oriole, Lord Baltimore, Professor, Grizzly King, Montreal, Coachman, Farmacheenes Belle, Delaware Belle, Brown Hackle and Cheney. Flies should be skipped along the surface in slightly curving lines or by zigzag movements, occasionally allowing them to be submerged for several inches near likely looking spots. Some fishermen believe that two or three times are enough to cast over any one spot when a rise is not induced.

If the current is swift allow the flies to float naturally with it. It is best to fish down stream, and it should be recollect that in casting and manipulating the flies the line must be ever taut, for often the bass will thus hook itself, which it never does with a slack line.

A certain Eastern waters skittering with a pond rind bait is practised, and in the Gulf States anglers will frequently use a portion of a deer's tail and a strip of red flannel, forming a kind of tassel and known as a bob. Some men insist that the humble worm with which Adam began his angling career is still the best all around bait in the world, and one adherent of the "garden huckle" says that every fish in the water likes it except the whale and it has not been tried on the whale yet.

Other baits include crawfish, grasshoppers, the young of carp, strips of salt pork, the black and stone catfish, lamprey eels, crickets and crayfish. An angler who is a believer in bacon says that salt pork is not a successful bait for black bass, but bacon when used correctly is just the thing. Pork is stiff, this angler points out. There is no life to it, whereas a good Jack Johnson's mother once pointed out in telegraphing to her son her good wishes for the outcome of his flat battle, "brings back the bacon." This angler made a trout out of a particular stream and his score for bacon was sixty black bass in a season, and on salt pork nothing. Still there are others who swear by salt pork.

A black bass rig that a plain fisherman carries with him, consists of the following: A light pole, split bamboo or greenheart, seventy-five yards of thin black line, preferably silk; an eighty yard light multiple reel and a six foot fresh water leader with a Kendall snook hook No. 10. No sinker is necessary unless one fishes with a minnow, then a few split shot should be put on to keep the bait about a foot below the surface.

No, we never entirely got even with Simpkins. He still lives.

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